

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

CORRESPONDENCE

WAUSEON ROUTE 4
Miss Verena Hetzel spent Saturday night and Sunday with her parents.

Quarterly meeting was held at West Barre Saturday and Sunday with a large attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hollister and Perry Myers called on Cass Galbraith Wednesday evening.

Mr. Clarence Wagner is on the sick list.

Mr. Harry Wilhelm and family, Zora and Helen Root and Alma and Lorna Precht called on Henry Bockerman and family Wednesday evening.

E. H. Fernald has completed his new barn.

Ralph Snow and family spent Sunday with Lawrence Perry and family.

There will be preaching at West Barre Sunday evening.

Mrs. Galbraith spent Thursday with Mrs. Worley of Dover Center.

The Ladies of Crescent Grange served ice cream and cake Friday evening at their hall in honor of their new master, Mr. Arthur Taber whom they installed.

Mr. Pontious and wife of Victory and Mr. Porter and wife of Wauseon took Sunday dinner at E. D. Doane's.

Mr. Yoder and family and Cal Wagner and wife spent Sunday at Clarence Wagner's.

Miss Marie Galbraith spent Monday night with Allen Shadle and wife of Wauseon.

OAK SHADE.
Remember quarterly meeting at the school house Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Feeney of near Toledo are visiting her mother, Mrs. Eliza Patches and family.

The entertainment given by the Aid Society last Wednesday evening was well attended.

Mrs. Sarah Halliburton is visiting her brother, also, nephew Alfred Smith and family.

Miss Velma Hawkins went to Delaware last Thursday where she will attend college.

Mrs. Frank Scott and children spent part of last week with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Deakins.

ADVANCE.
Mr. J. W. and Frank Onweller were called to Adrian Monday by the serious illness of their sister, Mrs. Will Smith who is very sick.

Mr. Jacob Frazier is quite poorly now with rheumatism.

Mr. George Scott and family intend to see the show in Toledo Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Stutesman and daughter Margaret spent Sunday with C. S. Olmstead and family.

Mrs. J. W. Onweller went to Adrian Tuesday to help care for her sister-in-law Mrs. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Paine of Moravia, Mich., spent Sunday with J. W. Onweller and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Mart Jones and son Clair spent Sunday evening with S. J. Stutesman and family.

Mrs. George Scott called on Mrs. S. J. Stutesman Monday.

Phelia and Dale Frazier, Nellie Scott, Margaret Stutesman and Clair Jones hung a May basket for Harold Onweller last week.

The little ones had a jolly good time.

YOU LOSE BY DELAY

A beautiful sanitary bathroom is a permanent investment and all the time you delay the purchasing of such equipment you are losing the use, the benefits and satisfaction to be derived from a modern bathroom.

A "Standard" modern bathroom placed in your home with our thorough regard for sanitary laws and approved plumbing practice will be an economic saving if ordered now.

EARLE H. HILL
Wauseon, O.

PEERLESS FENCE

I have two carload in stock. The Peerless is a No. 1 fence, at a very low price. I also have the Peerless steel gates, Carbo steel posts, white and red cedar posts, drain tile, paving brick. Price less than common brick. Admited plastic roofing will make a new roof out of the old one. Call and see me, or phone office 437, house 185.

P. M. SCHNUR, Wauseon, Ohio

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General Offices, Detroit, Mich. Works, Stroh, Indiana

For sale by H. H. Russell, Wauseon, O.; Cement Tile & Block Co., Elmira, O.; H. C. Zeller, Wauseon, O.; Lewis L. Co., Wauseon, O.; Lumber Co., Metamora, O.

FINK & HAUMESSER

TIMMINS' RENUNCIATION

By HORACE DEMING.

Bob Timmins was only a wood worker and worked in the finishing room of the big factory. He had no education and could hardly read and write. He had drifted through life until he was twenty-eight, spending what money he earned carelessly, and the future had no definite shape or form to him.

When Bob was twenty-six a new influence entered his life. He fell blindly and desperately in love with Minnie Carson, the pretty daughter of the foreman.

She had a good education, having been sent to the Whopstown Female seminary after graduating from the public schools. Also she was ambitious and belonged to literary clubs. Once she had a place in the daily Palladium. It was in the form of a communication, was nearly a column long and was signed with her name in full, Minnie Minerva Carson. It was entitled "The Status of the Women of Ancient Greece Compared With That of the American Women of Today." Bob had seen it and treasured the paper among his few valuables. Had he heard the comment of the editor of the Palladium, "I don't know what in thunder it means, but we've got to give the woman a show or down goes the circulation," he might not have felt so much awe.

The one great thought the piece in the paper gave Bob was that to acquire this divinity he would have to lift himself to a plane somewhat approaching hers. He was confirmed in this idea by overhearing a bit of conversation between Miss Carson and Stokes, the assistant secretary of the company, who was very sweet of Miss Carson.

One day they stood near where Bob was working and he overheard the conversation. It was all about books and authors and plays and philosophy and poetry and theories of life and things of which Bob had a very dim comprehension. But his love was overmastering and when he recognized his passion he set about finding a way to gratify it with the same dogged persistence that had made him the best workman in the shop. Grasping the idea that learning was the first step to put him within hailing distance of the maiden of his choice he enrolled himself in a night school and began slowly to master the rudiments.

In the meantime Stokes had been intrinsically himself more and more in Miss Carson's heart. He was a handsome, college bred, of a good family with a position in the best society drawing a good salary and with every reason to anticipate rapid advancement and a liberal inheritance. It was altogether a natural that Miss Carson should regard him with favor.

But Bob knew that Stokes was not all that the husband of Miss Carson should be and he bided his time. His opportunity came. He was waiting for a street car one day when Stokes came down the street. Just as he was passing Bob a woman met him. She greeted him with a broken-hearted cry.

"Harry, Harry," she cried. "Oh where have you been? Why have you deserted me?"

Stokes pulled the pathetic, weeping creature into a hallway out of sight, but Bob could not help hearing what was said.

"You promised to marry me, you know you did, a hundred, five hundred times. And after it was too late you ran away and I found that you had lied to me and that I do not even know your real name."

What Stokes said was in so low a voice Bob did not hear it. But the woman replied:

"I don't want to be taken care of in that way. I want an honest name for myself and my child. I can work my fingers off for food and shelter, but I want an honest name—and I want you, Harry, because I love you."

Stokes said something else and they went up the stairs in the office building.

"Mr. Timmins,"

Bob turned and encountered a white face close to his. It was that of Minnie Carson. She evidently had heard the conversation in the stairway. His heart gave a great, triumphant leap.

"Was that Mr. Stokes, talking to that girl in there? I came along just after they went in. From the glimpse I got I thought it was he. Was it?"

Bob never thought so fast in his life. As he looked into the anxious eyes and drawn face of this girl he realized in a flash that she loved Stokes and that the truth would break her heart.

"No, it was not Stokes," he replied.

"Thank God," said the girl, breathing into a sighing smile. "Thank you, Bob, for not telling me anything. And she rushed lightly down the street, leaving Bob with a leaden heart."

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